A FAMILY AFFAIR,

BY BUON CONWAY

Author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days,"

CHAPTER XII-CONTINUED.

"Perhaps not; but I'd better make sure. Fetch ma a new clean straw, William." Wil-lam obeyed without comment. His respect for Mr. Corrothers had greatly increased. Frank took the straw, and breaking off piece with the empty ear attached, stuck it between his teeth. "Is that the right length, William?" he asked.

Bit too long, sir; but you'll have chewed him down proper by the time you get to "All right." Frank passed out through the

gnto and left Wolliam opining that he "was the runnicat jent as ever came to the house; one never knew if he was in earnest or chaff-

Frank soon got rid of the straw which he had mounted for William's mystideation, and reached the repository without any signs of horsiness about him. He had an interview with the tight legged proprietor, and for the next hour stool watching horses and the street had become probably horses. white, horses black, horses pichald, horses brown, buy and chestmat, trotted up and down the long tan-covered way. He heard Mr. Barker enlogice each particular animal.



He heard Mr. Backer eulogize each partieular animal.

He listened because hy fixed to study char never human, not equine and was fascin-used by a desire to know what Barker would find to key when each fresh screw appeared on the secue. But his silence as to his own continuous conferring the merits or demerits of each animal, and the calm contemplative way in which, smoking his eighrette the while, he watched the horses pass and repass drove Mr. Barker almost to distraction. That worthy didn't know whether he had to deal with a flat or with a wiser man than himself. All lacement men are aware that this places one at a terrible disadvantage in a negotia-tion. It is annoying to find you have treated a clever man like a fool; but doubly so to find you have treated a fool like a clever

num. That is one of the risks of business.

Mr. Barber was the more uncertain because he tried Frank both ways. On each of the first have horses he showed him he placed a ridiculately high price—then resolving that has cultomer was a knowing one, he veered round and asked a very low figure for the next seere of animals paraded. Yet Frank nucle no sign, and Barker was quite puzzled. He even grew suspicious and glanced at Frank's legs, thinking it just possible that their owner was a horse-dealer from another town, who had come dressed like a swell, to try and take in the redoubtable Barker him-But Mr. Carruthers' lower limbs were ne straight and well-formed as if he had never in his life-time crossed a horse. So Barker was featen, and breathed his equivalent to a sigh as the last of his five-and-thirty screws was led back without having drawn a word of condemnation or commendation from his

"Well, you're a hard one to please, sir," he said grantly,
"I wanted to see some horses," said Frank listically-dipping the ash from his eight-

otte. Cohir said Barker, with a deep-drawn breath, "You wanted to see some bosses, did you?" It was only in moments of great excitement that Mr. Barker forgot himself well-to-do man with daughters who played the piane. He knew that the proper pronun-ciation of the word raised him above the level of grassias and stable boys. He had acquired it with great difficulty, so its retention previous. "Yes, I did," said Frank, pleasantly; "but

never mind. Sorry to have given you so much trouble. May I give your boy half a "Now," said Barker, cocking his head on

one side and speaking in a confidential whisper, "without saying a word about the horses I have shown you, tell me what's your idea of a horse—his value, I mean."

"Fra act particular." "Oh, you're not particular. Jim, bring "No," said Frank, "never mind. I don't want to see him. I want you to choose a

No doubt horse dealers are as honest as other dealers, but Mr. Barker's astonishment was indescribable. It might have been that of a convicted forger given a blank check and asked to take care of it, or that of a wolf to whom a sleep brought its lamb and begged that it might be looked after for a while, or that of a cat asked to stand sen-

tinel over the croam.
Yet he was equal to the occasion. "Want me to choose a horse! Can't do better, sir. Whenever the dake or the marquis wants a horse in a burry they write to me to send them one. Showe if I can suit the duke I can

suit you."
"I don't know. I'm fidgety. You can

Still Barker could not feel certain whether he was dealing with a sharp man or a There's the chestnut I spoke of. He's the

very thang for you. very thing for you."
"How marker said Frank laconically,
"One handerd and twenty guiness," said
Mr. Barker with that emphasis on the last
word which says that the vendor is proof

against the time number of pounds.
"Look been said Frank, sharply, "you find mean har of or six weeks. I don in's black, beaver, or blue. Name the lowest and to take, and if the price suits, it and don't find any particular a year twenty per cent, more, and the horeter life n

Now then, is it the chestnut!" time. Now then, is it the chestnut?"

Barker made along pause; then, with an assumption of candor, said: "No, sir, after that it isn't the circlant. You come here; I'll show you what it is."

Mr. Carrethers never told any one the exact privates herse cost him, so we will not force ourselves into his secrets. He left the tertificate could accompany the dark har have just shown him it might be ingerwood House that afternoon.

stroded back to Calibury.
Just before her metal Hazlewood House he was over all a by Beatrice and her cavaller. They remed up and spoke a few words. Young Parton was in high good humor, and

delightfully conforcedling.
"Fity you don't ride, Mr. Carruthers," be "It is a pity. Will you coach mel Re-

enge is second, you know."
"Til bring my father's old horse round some morning and give you a lesson. I dare my you would soon pick it up."
"You were always a kind-hearted boy," said Frank gratefully, "Miss you think I could learn to ride?" "Miss Clauson,

"You are too kazy, I fear."
"Yes: I suspect I am, I won't trouble 'rou. Purton. Good-by."

back to Hazleweed House smiling placidly in the afterneed, to Miss Clauser's suprementally have the afterneed, the new purchase arrived. She astonishment, the new purchase arrived. She and Frank were in the garden at the time. The bay was placed in Mr. Giles' charge, and that personage, after inspecting it, rejoiced for two reasons: the first, that Mr. Barker had not "bested" Frank; the second, that even if Frank had "bested" Mr. Barker, the herso must have cost a pot of money, and at whatever figure his, William's, introduction might be assessed, the backsheesh must be worth having. "I thought you didn't care for riding," said

Bentrice,
"I don't—much,"

"I don't—much."
"Then why bay such a borse?"
"Because I should like to ride with you."
He gave her one of his quick glances.
Beatrice turned away, asia.ned to feel that
she was blushing. She was very cold and
reserved during the evening, yet the audacious young man chose to take it for granted that she would accept him for her cavalier rice Furton supersoded.

Herace having duly admired the horse and shaken his head at the pulp to extrava-gance, made a series of elaborate rule-ofthree calculations, and determined, if three horses are a certain quantity 'certain things in a certain time, how a fourth horse would affect the quantity, the things and the

Young Purton was too shy to offer his escort on the next merning—he feared lest be might wear out his welcome. So his ride was a solitary one. Judge his utter disgust when, quietly trotting along, he encountered Miss Clausen and Mr. Carruthers, the latter mounted on a steed the like to which Mr Purton had for years longed to own, and, moreover, riding as if he knew all about it.

This sight was very bad for young Purton. Had be been poetled he might have compared himself to the eagle struck down by its own quill. As it was, he muttered, "A folly sell, by Jovet" and after the unavoidable greetings and Mr. Carruthers' inevitable bit of badinage, rede home in a disconsciate

> CHAPTER XIII. GASTRONOMIC AND EROTIC.



There were delicious rides together. The long vication was running down to the less. August had passed into September, and September had softly stolen away. scarlet geraniums, calceclarias, and other bedding-out plants which had all the summer brightened the gardens of Hazlewood House, were beginning to show signs of senile decay. The under gardener found it no light work to keep the paths free from failen leaves. Yet Frank Carrothers still lingered at Oakbury enjoying his consins' hospitality. Hav-ing assumed the post of mental physician to Miss Clauson, he was no doubt reluctant to resign it until he had effected a radical cure Besides, the days slipped by happily enough. There were drives through the green elm-shaded Westshire lares, which lead to hills from the summits of which fine views of the country and the distant sea are obtainable, As Hornce drove, and as Herbert invariably occupied the box seat, Frank and Beatrice

selves, an arrangement which one of the two found far from unpleasant.

There were the delicious rides together. Young Purton left the place in disgust, and joined an eleven of old Cragtonians who were wandering about England playing matchesa far better and more healthy occupation for a boy than hepeless lovemaking. The bay horse turned out such a beauty that Frank

had the body of the large wagonette to them-

broke his word to Mr. Barker and did not re sell it. who visited Hazlewood House, and plea people whom Haziewood House visited, Frank was such a success with these that Horace and Herbert were quite proud of

their cousin. And there were walks with Miss Clauson and above all those delightful dreamy hours when they sat under the sycamore, and in the cool shade talked of everything in the world, the heavens above, or the waters under it. Or it may be Miss Clauson was silent, and Frank, watching every line of her beautiful face, knew that the disease which he himself had taken was becoming chronic and in

Altogether, it will be understood that if Mr. Carruthers falled in curing Miss Clauson's complaint it would be from no want of opportunity, or from being debarred making an exhaustive study of the patient.
In plain English, Frank had fallen in love

with Beatries, in that good old-fashioned way, almost at first sight. He had gone down before her gray eyes as surely as had the sus-ceptible Sylvanus. Would be fare any better? About this date he often asked himself the above question; for he had by now made the curate's acquaintance, and learned that he was a rejected man.

He did not learn it from Beatrice, who, like every true woman, wished to hide, and, if possible, forget the story of a man's discomfiture. He did not learn it from Horace or Herbert. Although they were as fond of gossip as men always are, wild horses would not have rent such a confidence from their kindly hearts. Sylvanus himself was Frank's informant.

The energetic, bustling curate had returned to Oakbury. During his absence the Talberts had requested Beatrice to decide as to the terms of intimacy which andle for the future exist between Hazlewood House and Mr. Moralle. Beatrice quietly told her uncles that it was her particular wish that the Rev. Sylvanus should be received on exactly the syrvanus shour to received on exactly the same footing as heretefore. This decision gave the Talberts great satisfaction. They were unable to see how parechial affairs could go on unless they worked hand in hand with the curate. So when Sylvanus returned he was informed that he might trievels him self up to Haziewood House as often as he chose. Which, as he was resolved to casesarden his heart by accustoming himself to seeing Miss Clauson in the light of nothing

more than a friend, was very often.

So Mr. Carruthers and the curate met frequently. They recognized each other's good points, and were soon on terms of friendship such as fettion, at loast, seldom allows to ex-ist between rivals. Rivals is perhaps the wrong word, for, if any stray fragment of hope clung to Mr. Mordie's pertmanteau and so returned with him to England, it was swept away for ever and ever as soon as th owner saw Frank and Beatrico together. He

recognized destiny, and bowed to it as a well-bred man should. It was no doubt the desire to prove incontestably to himself that he was cured, that made him, in a moment of brisk confidence, tell Frank how he had fared. The manner in which the communication was made showed Frank that his own secret was no secret from Mordie. If he did not meet confidence by confidence he made no attempt at deception. He looked at Mordle with a curious smile.

"You scarcely expect me to say I am sorry?" he asked. Want no sympathy. Only want you to be sure that when the time comes to congratulate you I can do so with all my

"Ah!" said Frank, smiling. "Noble-very noble. When the time comes," he added. safty. Thereusen he fell into a train of

chongo - a trum which ran upon a single line and always fook him to one particular

This, then, is how matters stood at the beginning of October. Mr. Carruthers having completed his diagnosis, not perhaps to his entire satisfaction, feit that the moment was drawing near when he must make the supreme effort to expel forever that morbidness which he believed to have intrenched itbound to confess what many other practitioners ought to confess, that he was working in the dark. He was about to try a kill ing in the dark. He was about to try a mit or cure remedy, the desperate nature of which would, strangely enough, act not upon the patient but upon him who adminis-tered it. No wonder, with so little to guide

him, he hedtated and postponed. At this juncture the Talberts gave a din-At this juncture the Talberts gave a dimer-party—a man's dinner party. The following were the blessed recipients of invitations: Lord Kelston, who was staying for a few days at his place; Sir John Williams, of Almondathorpe; Colonel White, the officer commanding the regiment at the neighboring barracks; Mr. Fallon, the polished Royal Academician who was referred. Academician who was solourning at the vil-lage inu, and making outdoor sketches of autumnal foliage, and Mr. Fletcher, of the Hollows, the largest lamiowner, save Lord Kelston, in the county. These, with Frank and the hosts, made a party of eight-the number which, according to an axiom of the Taiberts, should never be exceeded.

From the above names and descriptions it From the abovenames and descriptions it will be rightly guessed that the party was distinguished, wall selected and well-balanced. Selection and balance were matters upon which the brothers prided themselves as much if not more than they did upon the refinament of the diamer itself. In this particular party, small as it was, culture, learning, art, arms, landed interest and heredilary away were properly personified. It was, indeed, a representative gathering after the Talberts' own hearts.

But two days before it took place an event happened shach threatened it id. Lord Kel-sten wrote Hernes one of those pleasant, familiar letters which, coming from a lord, are always delightful. He said he should take the liberty of bringing his friend Mr. Simmons with him. As this would raise the number to nine it necessitated asking another man in order to equalize the sides of the

Then came consultation high and carnest. Whom could they ask upon so short a notice worthy of forming one of such a distinguished party? Each of the Talberts would have felt insulted had he been asked by a friend to stop a gap; so, following the golden rule they shrank from the task before them. Still, they could not have four on one side of the table and three on the other. Frank listened to their solemn deliberations

for some time, then tried to help them out of the difficulty. "Leave me out," he said. "Beatrice and I"—he spoke of her sometimes now as Beatrice—"will dine together in the nursery or the housekeeper's room. Whittaker can bring the dishes straight from your table. It will be delightful."
"My dear Frank!" This joint exclamation

showed the utter futility of his suggestion.
"Why not ask the rector! I thought it was the duty of a country clorgyman to meet othergencies like this." "He talks about nothing but his fishing,"

said Horace mournfully.
"Fishing for what! For men?" "No; salmen and trout," answered Horacs as usual taking the matter pression its "Why not Mordie! He is capital conpany.

"Ha-hum," said Horace, glancing at Herbert "This is scarcely a curate's party."
"No, scarcely," said Herbert, shaking his

At last they decided to ask a Mr. Turner, but the decision was arrived at with misgivings; for Mr. Turner was in trade. He was, however, a merchant prince—even a merchant emperor—and, as Horace expressed it, was a member of the aristocracy of wealth. They felt that Mr. Turner might be asked at short notice, and would not be offended when he heard it was to meet Lord Kelston. This is one of the many advantages of entertaining lords.

Nevertheless they were conscience stricken at having asked any one to stop a gap, so made amends by arranging their guests so that Mr. Turner should sit on Herbert's left hand; Horace's supporters being Lord Kel-ston and his friend, Mr. Simmons. The latter was a man of middle age, with dark eyes and exquisitely chisaled aquiline features, and wearing an air of refinement that at once commended him to Horace.

The dinner began propitiously, and progressed familiessly. The table, over the descontion of which the brothers had spentiumeh time and more thought, was a perfect picture. When their guests were only men the Talberts were extra particular. The lack of the refining element, the presence of woman, had to be compensated by an ultra fastidiousness of detail. Even Frank, who had been behind the scenes, marveled at the effect of his hosts' hospitable and artistic exertions. Dut, all the same, he pitied them as we should all pity a host who is certain to be rendered wretched by a tureen of burnt soup or a bettle of

Hernes talked gravely and pleasantly to the right and to the left. Herbert was com-pelled to attend almost entirely to Mr. Turner, who had a booming voice, which he in-sisted upon making heard. Frank, who was next to the artist, found the dinner not so dull as he had feared it would be.

In the course of conversation Horace learni that Lord Kelston's friend was Mr. Simmons, the noted barrister, who had so suddenly sprung into eminenco. Mr. Simmons was a Jew of gentle birth and education, and Harace was very fend of high-class Jews. So the two men got on admirably. Frank also knew who Mr. Simmons was. Herbert did not.

All went on as well as the Talberts could have wished until the claret was placed on the table. Then an awful thing occurredcontretumps, which to this day is a sore subject with Horsce and Herbert. It all arose

from inviting the stop-gap. Listen.

Mr. Turner, as leaders of commerce are very properly in the habit of doing, begin very properly in the latter of coing, began talking about England's commercial con-dition. He spoke in his biggest voice. As he was treating upon a subject of, which he was an authority, he felt he had a right to use it. Herbert listened with his gentle, polite smile, but felt sorry Mr. Turner had been invited.

"What is ruining England?" boomed Mr. Turner. "Fill tell you, my dear sir. The Jows are ruining England."

As Mr. Turner must know best, Herbert simply bowed in acquiescence.

Horace in the meantime was saying to Mr.

"It is an indisputable fact that the Jew are the most loyal, patriotic race under the sun. Their cleverness no one denies. In the finer, the emotional arts, such as music and poetry, it is generally similted that a marmust have a strain of Jewish blood in him to

rise to eminence."

Here Mr. Simmons bowel and smiled. "Read one of the trade gazettes," continue Turner, flercely.
"I should not be able to understand it,"

urged Herbert.
"Read the list of bills of sale," should Tur ner. "See the Levis, the Abrahams, the Mosese who are lattening on berrowers. The Jews are the curse of the country. They are sucking out its blood and marrow."

And Hornes, who, although he shuddered at Mr. Turner's strident tones, avoided listen ing to his words, was saying to his neighbor:
"In the law and in statesmanship we have

living proofs. And as to that branch e which I understand nothing, commerce, w have but to mark the doesy of Spain after the persecution and expulsion of your gifts nation." But Mr. Simmons did not hear this com-

pliment. He was listening to loud-voices "Look at Austria! Ruined, sir, ruined by them! All the lands in their hands. I what the time would come again when the Austrian

students at Posth-"Pesth is in Hungary," said Herbert softly.
"Hungarian students, then. The time should be again when they used to go of a morning and ruke over the askes of burnt

Jows to find the gold pieces they had swal-

Everybody source this course and bruta wish, Mr. Simmons face flushed. He half rose from his chair, and glanced at Horace. That glance was enough to make him resume

The look of nerror, absolute horror at a guest's having been insulted at his table, which Horace's face were, was more than wonderful—it was sublime. Never had such a thing occurred before. Such another shock would be all but a death blow. His kneed trembled; his face grew white to the very lips. He mot Simmons' glance with an er treating, appealing, apologetic look, that spoke volumes of abasement and mortifica-

Mr. Simmons, with the quickness of his race, read what was passing in Horace's raind. His anger merged into pity for his courteous, kindly host. He reseated himself and said with a pleasant smile, "liow curion such things sound to men of the world like us." Then he said something in praise of the Lafitte. Hornce gave a sigh of relief, and to his dying day will love that gentle Jew. But Herbert had seen his brother's facand knew that a catastrophe had happened

He guessed that Mr. Turner's Jew builting proclivities had brought it about. So he adroitly turned the conversation, and by a admirable exercise of self-abhegation set Turner booming away about the iniquities of the mayor, aldermen, and town cou-Blacktown. It was an heroic act, and no one but Herbert knew what it cost him.

Taking it altogether, the Talberts do not count that dinner among their social suc

Frank Carruthers had by now grown rather tired of Fallon on the principles of true art. He, scatted midway between the hosts, had fully appreciated the Simmons hosts, had fully appreciated the Siminons-Turner episode, and was longing to give vent to the langitter which politeness compelled him to stille. Moreover, he was thinking a great deal about Miss Clauson, and how lonely she must be feeling. A young man always flatters himself that the young

woman he loves is lonely without him.

Frank knew that when the party adurned to the drawing-room he should so . Her uncles wished her to be there was not the rule of Hazlewood House for the men guests to go straight from the table to the the table to the smoking-room. So whilst Hornce and Herbert were rooing that the curfounly shaped Venetian flashs were going round with hospitable, but not with coarsely convivint speed, Mr. Carruthers was summoning up courage to desert his post and their Man Chanson's loneliness. The thought deer Mar Chanson's loneliness. The thought f that have been grow so painful that, tak-or advantage of Horner's being engaged in

deep feonversation with Lord Keiston, he rose, slipped from the room, and passing across the hall opened the drawing-room door.

The drawing-room door, like every other door in Hazlewood House, did its duty with-out noise. There are some people's doors which always scrape and bang, just as there are some peoples shoes which always creek.
The Tuberts' shoes never creaked. The Taiberta' doors never uttered a sound. So Frank stood on the thick, seft carpet and looked at Miss Clausen, who had no idea that her solitary exile was ended. She was scaled on the music beach. Her

hands were on the keys of the piane, but making no music. She was gazing with grave eyes far, far away-looking right through the center of the satin-wood Stere on enhines which, full of choice porcelning stood against the opposite wall. He thoughts, and or sweet, were in dreamland. And Mr. Carruthers stood watching her.



Mr. Carrothers stood scatching her. He know he was doing wrong-know he ought to make her aware of his presenceout the picture was to him so divinely beau tiful that he could not help himself. The girl was perfectly dressed; if fault could be found with her attire it was that it

was a trifle too old for her age. Her arms and neck gleamed white and fair from the black satin of the dress, which fitted as a dress can only fit a form like hers. The riel brown hair was cumningly and becomingly colled, and without jewel or even flower detract from its own native glory. No won-der that Carruthers was content to watch her in admiring silence! e watched he saw, or functed be And as h

saw, tears rising to those gray eyes. This was more than human nature could bear. Mr. Carruthers to this day assures himself that he entered that drawing-room with m intention of precipitating matters. We may believe him, because, as it was probable that in a few minutes nine respectable middle aged gentlemen would troop in, the occasion was not a propitious one. So it is clear that he acted on the impulse of the moment

efore the looked round he was at her side is arm was round her a music bouch offer ens folling her with passionate elequence that so loved her-be loved her! There f poor Mr. Mordle's hopelessness about this

ardent young Carrathers.
But how did Beatrice take it! With a low ry as of fear, perhaps aversion, she sprang her feet and stood for a moment lookin at him with a face as pale as death. vithout a word she turned and went swiftly owards the door. Frank, with a face as pales her own, followed and intercepted her. He

Beatrice, have you nothing to say to me She breathed quickly. She seemed to set her teeth. She answered not a word. "Beatrice, have you nothing to tell me

annot you tell me you love me! Answer There was no trace of raillery or lightness n Mr. Carruthers' manner. It was that of a man playing for a life or death stake. 'Answer me. Say you love me." he repeate.
"I cannot," said Beatrice, hoursely. "Le

Without a word be dropped her hand. He even held the deer open and closed it when the had passed. Then with a stern look on his face he steed in the middle of the room. gazing at the blank door and wondering if how as dreaming -if he had really, since he can ered that room, played his great stake and

ost it.
Could Frank Carruthers have followed Beatrice to her room he would have seen he The Proper Way. hrow herself on her bed and burst into a paroxysm of grief. He would have seen the sombre Mrs. Mi. r come to her, embrace her, soothe her, and entreat her. He would have wen a look of stern resolution settle on th servant's strongly-marked features, a look which contrasted strangely with the affecionate solicitude which she displayed towards

er mistress in her trouble But Carrathers could not see these things, and had he sees them would have been n

It is estimated that there are in round numbers 5,000,000 professed spiritualists in this country.

MAUD MULLER'S BROTHER.

Thomas J. Moore in Philadelphia Call.] (Thomas J. Moore in Pritadelphis Call.)
What if the moden were the dress
Of strict patrician profe;
If hands tore leisure's deep impress,
And eyes and cheek spoke wealth beside.
If high wrought mind from learning's mart
Was stocked with all the wise revere!
The ugh fate had set them far a art,
Yet love could bring them near.

What if he spring from humble state, A toiler at the plow,
If not erect of miss or great
Of mind or high and noble brow? What if his pulses did not start.

Moore's, Scott's or Byron's name to lear!

Though fate had sent them far apart,

Yet love could bring them near.

They met and loved nor knew not why ! Their difference was forgot:
She burned her prile in possion's sigh,
And love refined his lowly let!
Their lives were led by love's strong neart.
Nor recked of caste's despairing snear,
Though fate had sent them far apart,
Yet love had brought thom near.

ON THE PICKET LINE.

ADVENTURES WHICH NEVER FOUND PLACE IN OFFICIAL REPORTS.

Fed and Confed Meeting Half Way-Shaking Hands and Exchanging Newspapers - Coffee-Hungry Confederate Sharpshooters.

Hater Ocean "Curbstone Crayona." "A good many of those picket-line adventures," said a gentleman in the railway mail service, 'never found place in the offi-cial reports or the letters of army correspendents. They were in every case viola-tions of instructions, and to have spoken of them to superior officers would have been to invite punishment; so by a sort of free masonry of the picket-line some of the most startling adventures of private soldiers never went to record. As for myself, I was a little conscientious in the matter of obey-ing orders, and only in one case did I make any departure from the strict line of a sol dier's duty. It was while we were in front of Chattanooga that it became fashionable along the picket-line to exchange papers. The plan was for a Confederate who wanted a paper to come to the front, shake a southern paper as a flag of truce, and in this way invite exchange.

The pickets on either side in that im-

mediate vicinity would cease firing. The Union soldier would start from his line, and the Confederate from his line, and they would meet half way, shake han is, exchange papers, and, if there were no officers in sight, sit down and have a chat. This half been kept up for several days when there came an order from headquarters that no more papers should be exchanged. But the boys, choosing their time for exchange, conthroad the practice against orders. There came a week, however, in which no rebel responded to waving, or shaking, or fluttering of paper or handkerchief, and we knew then that orders against exchange had been issued on that side as well as on ours.

"But one morning quite early my partner discovered a man on the rebelline frantically waving a large paper. He suggested that we slip away from the reserve and go out and see what the man wanted. He took a paper, waved it, and we started toward the rebal When we had proceeded about half way to the point of meeting the fellow ceased to wave his paper. We were puzzled at this, but finally concluded that he was down in a hollow and we would see him when he came on high ground. So we walked on and walked without warning into a group of soldiers at the rebel picket-

fast, and after the first burry they joked us a good deal about our extraordinary will-ingues to get into their clutches at breakfast time. When we spoke of the exchange of papers the officer in charge informed us that orders were positive against exchange and that all his men understood it. As this was the case he took the position that we had come willingly into their lines, and that he could not allow us to return. I saw at once that his men disagree! with him, but the question was how we were to get away.
"My partner, who had been a soldier in

Germany, exhibited the greatest nonchalance, and he joined in the jokes at our expense and proposed that he make the boys some coffee that was coffee. The Confeder-ates had a very pasir excuse for that article, and without more allo he proceeded to make a little kettle of coffee, the aroma of which seemed to fascinate the coffee hungry sharpshooters. When he had poured the coffee into the cups and had expatiated on the good it would do the men he took up his rifle and said to me, 'Now let us start for our own line,' I followed him, and not a rabel soldier on that picket-post lowered the cup of coffee from his lips, or looked in our direction. I never disoboyed orders after that. THE FIDDLE IN SOCIETY.

A New Hobby Which the Young Ladies of Philadelphia Have Taken Up.

[Philadelphia Letter]
The young ladies of Philadelphia's fashonable society have taken up a new hobby the fiddle. It has grown to be almost as great a rage as the skating rink in less fash ionable sets. I understant that the wrinkle was brought from Boston by one of our girls, who attended a wedding there. All the others have become infected. Classes for the "tudy of the violin," as one musical maiden put it, exist in almost every block

The outlay for instruments is often ex-ravagant. One young lady has what she travagant. declares is a Stradivarius 150 years old. She has had it, for some extraordinary rea-son, inlaid with pearl. The addition has quite rained its tone. Still, that doesn't matter since she has made the instrument an oddity and can say that its cost has been noarly \$700. Another young lady has a fiddle that she declares was a favorite one of Paganini's. If that is true Paganini's ear must have been formed on a different basis from that of people who make no pretension to musical genius. But then, it is ts saftle that the violin's extraordinary ton may be due in some degree to the fact that it is all tied up in old gold ribbons, The young lady's teacher warned her that the tight bands would impair the quality of the tone. The young woman answered that the difference didn't seem much to her mind, and in any event she was determined to retain the ribbons, because they suited her complexion. Thus is art sacrificed to

antry.
I asked an old French musician, who is teaching the fiddle to some young ladies, what he thought of their playing. "Well," said he, "to perform well on the violin means that you have given to it years any years of study and patience. Now, could say anything about my dear young ladies that would imply that they had given years to anything?

Overloaded with Freight. (Chicago Ledger.)

A medical journal fills several pages with scientific jawbreakers trying to explain why it is that the percentage of bow-legs is eight times greater among boys than girls. The reason adduced is purely scientific, and alto gether unsatisfying to a mind accustomed to browse around in search of herbage of a common-sense nature. Any mother who has ever turned a boy's pockets wrong side out can throw more light on the question

A certain distinguished Cincinnatian says the proper way to kiss a girl is to plant it in the middle of her hand and shut her fingers down on it for safe-keeping. It may not be as sweet as the real yum-yum variety, bu it certainly takes the paim over all the or

> Ine Reason Why. Detroit Free Press.

One reason why England shouldn't allow Russia to selze Herat is becau e she intends to give it a new name in case of possession. will be called Popoffkoskov tch, or some

AN EDITOR'S DUTY. To Be Independent He Must Be Wealthy

- His Place in Politics. [The Journalist.]
When an editorial angel shall descend and occupy a seat in the sanctum of a daily newspaper, then, and then only, may we hope for perfection. An independent news-

paper is often promised, but we do not believe that any such journal exists to-day. To be independent the editor must be wealthy, so that every desire can be grati-fied and that he may be above and superior to temptation. He should have no politics and no friends. To be in politics is to lose independence, and to have friends is to cripple the pen. His intimate friends may do wrong, and then he must needs white-

wash them.
Is there an independent newspaper published in New York to-day! Not one. Every editor and proprietor has prejudices to nourish, interests to uphold, friends for preferment, gruiges to be repaid or favors to ask. To point out the weakness of each particular paper and editor would be to draw down upon us the ill-will of all. From Bennett, with his telegraphic and other in-terests, down to Brother Bowen, with his patent rat-traps, rose trees, and washing machines for sale, all are imbued with the jobbery of trade or the hope of political advancement. Editors are extending "a pressure" upon the president the whole time for the promotion of friends; the mayor of this city is embarrassed in his appointments by proprietors of newspapers, begging that this and the other man may be appointed.

It's well for an editor to write of politics. but to dabble in the pool himself is a mis-take. He may write of and criticise the drama, but he should not seek to play Hamlet himself. Editors, for instance, not have interests of a commercial nature which may lead them to attack useful meas own puries may suffer if the people's burdens are lightened. The editor's place is at fare of the public and the success of his paper. If the paper cannot support him let him get out of the business. If it will sup-port him handsomely he should abstain from other enterprises

Meal Worms for Birds

[New York Sun.] In answer to a question, the purveyor of worms said: "I've caught meal worms for ton years. Biz is generally good and I can make \$13 or \$15 every week. Where do I est 'em? Why, in meal, of course! In des big grain warehouses on the river front, in flour mills, and in old feed stores you can always find 'em if you know where to look for 'em. De people wot owns dem ere places are only too gird to have a perfeshional like the come in, cos dey breed fast and eat up lots of stuff. When I fust begun catchin' 'em, de bosses used to pay me a half; but when dey found out dat I sole 'em again,

when dey found out dat I sole em again, dey shut down on de racket,
"How do I get 'em! Wid my hands, and sometimes wid a sleve. Dey generally go in gangs togedder, and when you find one of dem, you most always find fifty. I put 'em in tin mustard boxes, which hold one or two thousand, according to de size. Some days, I get 200 and some days, when high is days I get 300, and some days, when luck is good, I get 3,000. Den I go round to my customers. Meal worms are good for mocking birds, and nearly all birds with soft

Fashionable Dogs in New York. [Blakely Hall in The Argonaut.] In all probability the fox-terrier this year rill be the fashionable favorite, though the bull-dog holds his own steadily. Fox-ter riers of the proper brood are rare, and that is what makes them fashionable. Pug-dogs have entirely lost casts in the fashionable world, but the bull-log is a much a imired pet The proper thing in bull-dogs is very small and pure white, though an occasional black spot may be allowed. The preference is sometimes expressed for dogs with a dash of terrier blood, as bull-terriers are somewhat less fierce than the pure-blooded bulls. But to be ab-clutely right, the dog should be full-blooded, with bowlegs, short nose, vil-lainous scowl, and stubby tail. They are much better than the sickly poodles and timerous spaniels, so long in vogue. Bull-dogs, no matter how much they may be pampered or over-fed, always retain the

qualities of courage and fidelity.

[Exchange]
During the conference between Gen.
Kanfmann and Abdur Rahmav at Tashkend, in 1869, the ameer professed great all miration for pussies. "What is the Afghan name for these flowers?" asked the general. "I forget," said the khan, "but if you had asked me the name of these flowers in Hindoo I should have been able to tell you With us children are brought up in the barem, and I have livel among Hindowomen till I was 12. The Hinder language. therefore, is more familiar to me ghan, the language of my fathers.

A Company Extinguished

[Exchange.] The Twenty-first Massachusetts was the regiment of the armless Bergt. Plunkett, of national fame, who has just died. On the march to Petersburg, Company A was reduced to three privates. It happened at the and of that march that a single solid shot struck down those very three; so that the gallant company, which had marched from Templeton 100 strong, was for the time being completely extinguished-a dramatic climax to a wonderful three years' work.

The Telescopic Plan.

The latest idea of public buildings is that f having them made on the telescopic plan-the stories being shoved up by hydrostatic ressure. In case of a fire in the twelfth or the sixth, the building is let down until all is on the ground where the firemen can easily flood it. It is to be built of boiler The furniture is all to be made like an opera-hat.

Distribution of German Carp.

[Chicago Times.] Only a few years ago thirty-five carp were rought to this country and placed in the government ponds at Washington. Some of their progeny are now in every state and territory. They have been sent to over 25,000 places, and it is estimated that there are now 200,000 000 carp in the country. Most of them are still small, which accounts for the fact that they are not in the market. The United States commissioners have distributed about 600,000,000 fish since 1873. and are prepared to send out 150,000,000 this year. Many of them have been place in waters where fish were never known to exist before. The experiment was in a large number of instances successful. Ger-man carp are found to do well in the alkaline lakes and streams in Arizona and New Mexico, where no fish had previously ex-They also thrive in the artificial stock-ponds in Texas, Colorado, and other tain. The carp is singularly adapted to the waters of the south, in which fish that do

The Petrified Wood Industry. Chicago Times.

The petrified wood found in the Bocky mountain regions is rapidly becoming util ized. In San Franci co there is now a fac-tory for cutting and polishing these petrifications into mantle-pieces, tiles, tablets, and other architectural parts for which marble or slab is commonly used. Petrifled wood is said to be susceptible of a finer polish than marble, or even onyx, the latter of which it is driving from the market. The raw material employed comes mostly from the forests of petrifici wood along the line of the Atlantic & Pacific railway. Several other companies have also been formed to obtain concessions of different portions of these forests. Geologists will regret the destruction of such interesting primeval remains, and some steps ought to be taken to pre-

serve certain tracts in their original state Key West Sheep. It is stated as a curious circu sheep placed on Key West island loss their wool the second year.

Attention, Doctors.

Everybody knows that the life of the average physician is a hard one. He is often compelled to ride great distances through mud and rain for a merely nominal fee. It is not fit nor proper for us to condemn any physician for his work, but we do assert that his practice can be made easier, and he can effect more cures by the proper and judicious use of 1 ERUNA.

If he will only and this great remedy to
his list of medicines he will find that his

his list of medicines he will find that his usefulness will be greatly increased. Full direction for its use will be tound in the "Ills of Life," and he should at once procure this valuable book.

N. J. Wright, Business Agent Evening Herald, Erie, Pa., says: "Dr. Harr-Man—I can not but feel it my duty to express to you my thanks for the great benefit I received from the use of your medicines, Peruna and Manalin. One bottle of each placed me square on my feet, after a sickness of four weeks, which confined me to my bed, and then which confined me to my bed, and then left me lame and crippled. Three days from the commencement of the use of your remedies the cane was dispensed with, and in a week I was perfectly well."

Mrs. Ellen Maynard, Oswego, Potter county, Pa., writes: "Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O. "he small ulcers are all healed, and the two large ones are not more than half as large as they were. I am feeling quite well. The people say your PERUNA and MANALIN are doing a

miracle. I do not take nearly so much pour as I did before."

Joseph Thomas, East Brady, Pa, writes: "I have used your PERUNA and MANALIN with good results. In the year of 1880 I was so bad that I could scarcely walk. I used PERUNA and MANALIN, and am now as healthy as I have ever been. I have also recommended it to several parties, and they have been much

benefited by it."
Mr. C. H. Harris, New Vienna, Ohio, writes: "Our little girl was paralyzed at thirteen months old, and we resorted to everything we could hear of for relief but she appeared to get but little better, Hearing of PERUNA we concluded to try it, and will say it has done her a great deal of good—the first bottle apparently giving aid and relief. We have used it for nervousness in other cases on other per-ions and found it a success. For general debility, and in fact for any disease, we don't think anything else can at all com-pare with it. We have used forty or fifty bottles, and our house is never without PERUNA. Our little girl is now eight years old, and can run any place, was for our years helpless. PERUNA cured her."

BLENDED FACES.

PORTRAITS BY THE METHODS OF COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPHY

Something Novel and Fascinating-Like ness of a Man Who Exists Whom No Man Ever Saw--The "Average of Faces."

[Chicago Tribune.] The scientific photographers have accom-plished a winderful thing. They have suc-ceeded in producing an actual partrait of the man who exists and whom no man eve

aw.
The as setion is not as fanciful as it seems. The as ortion is not as fanciful as it seems. In the last issue of Science appear four portraits illustrating what has been accomplished. The methods of composite photography, devi ed originally by Francis Gaeton, is simply this Given a number of men or women, shadowy photographs of each are taken, and from all these shadows thended, is produced a face. It is a face of no one of those who all that it is is a face of no one of those who sat, but it is the face of a human being whose counten-ance expresses all their traits. This is the theory of the photographer. The face pro-duced bears out the idea. It is a clearly-deatenance with an expression of its own. It is something striking and fascinat

mathematicians have their faces blended in a new countenance. It is the typical mathematician. Sixteen naturalists' faces form one, those of thirty-one painters another. There is a wonderful resemblance between the two faces thus produced. Naturalists and rainter; alike are students of form and color and outline. It is now face produced by this queer process. No one of he original faces is reproduced. The remarkable appears in the face -of so much of our happine s and unhappiness, "the personal equa-tion." Like the body after death, it disappears, but still exists, though, unlike the hody after leath, it is not dissipated through all nature but is condensed into one entity,

a visible thing.
The striking thing about these composite faces is that the blending seems to bring out in bold relief of expression the dominant trait of the class. The one prevailing idea of the group shows in the combined face strongly. It suggests wast possibilities from the discovery of the photographers. strength and weakness, its degree of kindli ness, and dignity, its faults and follies. It is the reflection of the soul of the group. What studies might be made on this idea, what social and political reforms suggested by its pursuit, and how curious and interesting would be the result of some combine

It is the fact that the central idea so protrudes itself in the developed countenance which makes the experiment attractive. It would be interesting to combine the faces of a score of prize-fighters to secure the resultant conscious brute, to mingle the faces of a city's ward politicians and get the face of a creature so crafty, and covetous, and unscrupulous as to methods that it would be alarming. Would the faces of a dozen clergymen reveal one with a kindly eye for the sisters and a look betokening that a "call" would be felt for that piace offering the largest salars. And what set of face the largest salary! And what sort of a facwould the combination of those of a domen leading editors produce?

leading editors produced

There is a charm about the idea. What a
face could be constructed from a group
the men who of the money-makers, the men who steal franchises and live en indirect taxation of the publici How the 8 mark would come out in that countenance, how foxy would become the nose of which in the individual we scarcely note the dishy, side-long indentation. And so might be made experiments with a hundred types. Perhaps by a thousand tests, blending the faces of those with at least clean records, a picture could be produced which would tell a better story, which would be recognized without debate as belonging to the without debate as belonging to the ideal man; strong, with fierce but restrained passions, but kind and wise. Unfortunately that man in the flesh could never be reproduced. Our system of blending blood in real life would not allow the ages upon ages. of requisite stirpiculture.
Of course these are but fancies. Yet in Gaeton's discovery there is probably the germ of what will result in a thousand prac-tical benefits. The average of forms is a

frequent requisite of the artist and the naturalist. A use for the average of faces will soon come. The Dog's Howl and Death.

[Boston Budget.]
The idea which associates the dog's howl with the approach of death is probably de-rived from a conception of an Aryan mythology, which represents a dog as summon-ing the departing soul. Throughout all Aryan mythology the souls of the dead are supposed to ride on the night wind with their hawling degs, gathering into their throng the souls of those just dying as they pass by their houses.

By the Wholesale. The London Echo says the king of Siam for his 263 children, buys marbles by ton, hoops by the gross, dolls by the fred and paregoric by the gallon.